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THE

MAD PRANKS

OF

TOM TRAM,

SON-IN-LAW TO MOTHER WINTER.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED

HIS MERRY JESTS, ODD CONCEITS,

AND

PLEASANT TALES:

BEING VERY DELIGHTFUL TO READ.

GLASGOW,

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MDCCCIK

THE

MAD PRANKS

OF

TOM TRAM.

CHAP. I.

A merry Jeſt betwixt old Mother Winter, and her Son-in-law Tom.

THERE was an old woman, named Mother Winter, that had but one ſon-in-law, and his name was Tom; and though he was at man's eſtate, yet would do nothing but what he liſted, which grieved his old mother to the heart. Upon a time being in the market, ſhe heard a proclamation, *That thoſe that would not work ſhould be whipped.* At which the old woman lesp'd, and with great joy home ſhe comes, meets with her ſon, and tells him the mayor of the town had made a decree, which was, *That all thoſe that would not work ſhould be whipped.* Has he ſo, ſays he, marry, my bleſſing on his heart; for my part, I'll not break the decree. So the old woman left her ſon, and went again to the market; ſhe was no ſooner gone but her ſon looks into the ſtone pots, which ſhe kept ſmall beer in: and when he ſaw that the beer did not work, he

takes the pot, ſtrips off his doublet, and with a carter's whip he lays on them as hard as he could drive. The people who ſaw him do it, told his mother what he had done; which made the old woman cry out, O! that young knave will be hanged. So in that tone home ſhe goes. Her ſon ſeeing her, came running and foaming at the mouth to meet her, and told her, that he had broke both the pots; which made the old woman to ſay, O thou villain! what haſt thou done? O mother, quoth he, you told me it was proclaimed, That all thoſe that would not work, muſt be whipp'd; and I have often ſeen our pots work ſo hard, that they have foamed ſo much at the mouth, that they befouled all the houſe where they ſtood; but theſe two lazy knaves, ſaid he, told me; That they did never work, nor never meant to work; and therefore, quoth he, I have whipped them to death, to teach the reſt of their fellows to work, or never look me in the face again.

CHAP. V.

Another Jeſt of old Mother Winter, and her Son Tom.

UPON a time mother Winter ſent her ſon Tom into the market, to buy her a penny worth of ſoap and gave him twelve-pence, and charged him to bring it home ſafe. Tom told her it ſhould be ſo; and to

that end it ſhould be ſafe brought home, according to his mother's charge, he goes and buys one penny-worth of ſoap, and hired two men with a hand barrow to carry the ſoap, and four men with brown bills to guard it along to her, giving them the eleven-pence for their pains, which made his mother in great fury, go to the mayor of the town, who committed him to priſon: Now, the priſon window joining cloſe to the mayor's chamber window, Tom, and ſome other merry priſoners like himſelf, getting a cup of good liquor in their heads, began to ſing and roar and domoneer, inſomuch that the mayor heard them that night, and charged them they ſhould leave off drinking and ſinging of bawdy ſongs, and ſing good plalms. Tom told him, That he ſhould hear that he would amend his life, if he would pardon his fault. The mayor ſaid that for their miſdemeaners, they ſhould be that night in priſon, and upon amendment, being neighbours, he would releaſe them in the morning. They thanked the mayor, and Tom Tram prevailed ſo far with a friend of his that he borrowed three ſhillings; which three ſhillings he ſpent upon his fellow priſoners, which made the poor men be ruled by him, and do what he enjoined them to do; ſo when the mayor was gone to bed, the priſon window, as before obſerved, being cloſe to the chamber window, they begun to ſing plalms ſo loud, that the mayor

could take no reſt; which made him cauſe one of his ſervants to bid them leave off ſinging. Tom Tram ſaid, That it was the mayor's good counſel that they ſhould ſing pſalms, and ſing they would, as long as they lived there. Which made the mayor bid the jailor turn them out of priſon, without paying their fees.

CHAP. III.

How Tom ſerved his Hoſteſs, and a Tobacco Seller, being another of his Jeſts.

IT happened that Tom was ſent on an errand forty miles from his abode, over heaths and plains, where having diſpatched his buſineſs, he chanced to be lodged in a room that opened into a yard, where his hoſteſs kept many turkeys; which Tom ſeeing, he thruſts pins into two of their heads and in the night they died. The woman in the morning wondered how the fowls ſhould come to die, Tom perſuaded her that there was a great ſickneſs where he dwelt amongſt all manner of fowls, and wiſhed his hoſteſs to fling them away, the which ſhe did. Tom watched where ſhe flung them, and when he took his leave of his hoſteſs, it was at ſuch a time when ſhe was buſy ſetting bread into the oven, ſo that he was ſure ſhe could not look after him. So he goes and wraps the turkeys in his coat, and away he runs; but finding his two turkeys

heavy, he ſees a man that ſold tobacco up and down the country, at the foot of a hill, when he alighted to lead his horſe down the hill, at the bottom of which he falls down, and lies crying as if he had broke one of his legs, and makes to the man a moſt piteous lamentation; that he was ſix or ſeven miles from any town, there being no houſe near; and that he was like to periſh for want of ſuccour. The man aſked, Where he dwelt? he ſaid with a knight, to whom Tom did live as a jeſter. The man knowing the knight, and thinking Tom's leg had really been broken, with much ado lifted him upon the horſe. When Tom was mounted, he prayed the man to give him his maſter's turkeys. Tom made the horſe to gallop away, crying out, I ſhall be killed! I ſhall be killed! O my leg! what ſhall I do! O my leg! The man ſeeing him gone ſtood in amaze, and knew not what to think; nevertheleſs, he durſt not leave his turkeys behind him, for fear of diſpleaſing the knight, but carried them lugging along fretting and ſwearing in his boots, till he came to the next town, where he hired a horſe to overtake Tom, but could not, until he came to the knight's houſe, where Tom ſtood to attend his coming, looking out at the window. When the man alighted, Tom then called to him ſo loud, that moſt of the houſe heard him; O, ſaid he, now I ſee thou art an honeſt man, I had thought you had ſet me upon your

headſtrong horſe, on purpoſe to deceive me of my turkeys. The man replied, A pox take you and your turkeys, for I never was play'd the knave with ſo in my life; I hope that you will pay for the hire of the horſe, which I was forced to borrow to follow you withal. That I will, ſaid Tom, with all my heart.

CHAP. IV.

How Tom paid the Man for his Horſe Hire.

TOM aſked the man what way he intended to travel? Marry, ſaid the man, I muſt go back with the horſe I have hired. Quoth Tom, what did you give for the hire of him? Said the man, I gave five ſhillings. Well, ſaid Tom, I will ſet you to the next public houſe, and then we will eat one of the turkeys; and I will bring you in good ſilver, the five ſhillings for the horſe hire. The place appointed being two miles off, Tom appoints three or four of his companions to meet him, who did not fail, for they were there before Tom and his friend, who came riding upon the horſes, Tom upon the hired horſe, and the man upon his own. Tom alighted, and called the hoſtler to ſet up his horſe, and to give him oats enough, and cauſed a turkey to be roaſted with all poſſible haſte; which, according as he commanded, was performed. But Tom whiſpered to his conſorts, and wiſhed them

to ply the man with drink; whilſt he, in the mean time, went to the hoſt, and told him, They came to be merry, and money was ſhort with him and deſired he would lend him ten ſhillings upon his horſe. The hoſt having ſo good a pawn, lent it him, knowing it would be ſpent in his houſe. So Tom went and gave the man five ſhillings for the hire of the horſe, and ſpends the other five ſhillings freely upon him: by that time the day was very nigh ſpent, ſo that the man could get no further that night, but Tom and his companions took their leaves and returned home and the man went his way to bed little ſuſpecting the trick Tom had put upon him. In the morning, the man riſing betimes, thinking to be gone, could have but one horſe, unleſs he paid ten ſhillings, for Tom had left word with his hoſt, that paying the money, he ſhould have both horſes. The man ſeeing himſelf cozened again by Tom, paid the ten ſhillings, and wiſhed all ſuch cheating knaves were hanged, ſo away he went fretting and foaming to ſee himſelf abuſed.

CHAP. V.

How Tom ſerved a Company of Gentlemen.

IT happened that a company of gentlemen being diſpoſed to create mirth, rode ſome miles from home to be merry, one of them would needs have Tom to wait upon him,

and Tom was as willing as he to be in that company but as they were coming home, one of them cuts the reins of Tom's bridle; so that when Tom mounted upon his horse, the reins broke, and the horse ran away with him in the midst of a great heath whereon stood a large gallows against which the horse stood, and rubbed his neck, so that the gentleman hoop'd and hallow'd, and said, Farewel, Tom, farewel; but Tom alighted from his horse, and made fast his reins, and with his sword cut three or four chips from off the gallows; and at the next tavern Tom met with them, where they jeer'd him not a little; but Tom very earnestly entreated them to forbear; yet the more he entreated them, the more they play'd upon him: But to be even with them, in the morning Tom calls the ostler, and sends him for nutmegs and ginger, and gets a grater; and when he had grated them, he also grated the chips of the gallows, and mix'd with the spice only a little nutmeg and ginger he laid towards one end of the trencher for himself, and with a gallon of ale into the gentlemen's chamber he goes, begging of them not to mock him any more with the gallows; and he would give them that ale and spice; and so, says he, gentlemen, I drink to you all. Now as soon as he had drank, the ostler call'd him, as he gave him charge before so to do, down stairs runs Tom, as fast as he could: the gentle-

men made all poſſible ſpeed to drink up the ale and ſpice before he came up again, and that was what Tom deſired. When he came again, ſeeing all the ale and ſpice gone, he ſays, Gentlemen, will you know why my horſe carried me to the gallows? Yes, ſays one of them, Well, ſays Tom, it was to fetch you ſome ſpice to your ale, and if you want I have more for you; and with that ſhewed them the chips out of his pocket, and away he runs, leaving the gentlemen to look one upon another, ſtudying how they ſhould be revenged on him.

CHAP. VI.

How Tom rode a Goſſipping.

TOM heard of a company of women that would meet at the place a houſe-warming, to welcome one of the houſe. Theſe women had formerly abuſed Tom, and now he thought to be even with them, ſo he goes to an apothecary's ſhop, buys a pound of purging comfits, and puts them in a cake with other ſpices, and dreſſes himſelf in women's apparel, and gets a horſe and a pannel, and to the houſe he comes, knocks at the door, and aſked the maid, whether there were many women, came a houſe-warming? The maid ſaid, Not yet: I pray ſays Tom, take this cake, and if I come not at the meeting, let them eat it and be merry; for I muſt go to a woman that is ready

to lie down, and away he goes. The women came, and wondered what woman it should be that left that cake; some of them suppoſed that it was some midwife: They staid a while, and the person they expected to be with them not coming, they fell to their meat, and at last to the cake. But it was not long in their bellies before it began to work, so that one must go to stool, another to vometing, and all of them were so sick, that the smell of them perfumed the house, and the breath of them was so strong, that none could endure it: In which time Tom shifts himself into man's apparel, and with a staff in his hand, came where his gossips were, and hearing them groaning all the house over, opened the door and asked them what was the matter? They answered, they were all poisoned. Marry, quoth Tom, I hope not, if you please to let me have a horse, I will ride to Mr. Doctor's and fetch an antidote to expel the poison. Take my horse, quoth one; take my horse, said another; or mine, said a third. Well, well, said Tom, I will take one. And into the stable he goes, and takes three horses, and to the doctor's he rides, and told him, that all the people of such a house had eaten something that hindred them from going to stool; and prayed him that he would without delay, carry them some Glysters; and that they had sent a horse for him and another for his man. The doctor, greedy of money,

hasted thither with his glyster-pipes as fast as the horses could carry him and his man; but the doctor no sooner came into the house, but he smell'd there was no need of glysters. In the mean time Tom told not only all he met with, that there were such women met to be merry at such a place; and not only they, but all the women of the house were poisoned but went likewise to their husbands, and told them the like; so that all the people thereabouts repaired thither; which made the women so ashamed, that they knew not which way to look, because all that saw them judged they were drunk; so that instead of comforting them, which they expected, they fell a reviling them; the women also fell to scolding among themselves, and would have fought, had not their husbands parted them, by carrying them home.

CHAP. VII.

How Tom served a company of Gypsies.

IT happened on a day, towards night that there came a company of Gypses into a town, and had not very long been there till Tom met them, and asked them, What they made there? They said, they came to town to tell the people their fortunes, that thereby they might withstand ensuing dangers. Aye, says Tom, and where do you lie to-night? They told him they could not tell. Nay, said Tom, if you will be con-

tented to lie in ſtraw, I will bring you where you may lie dry and warm. They thanked him, and told him they would tell him his fortune in the morning for nothing. Tom thanked them, and therefore conveys them into a little thach'd houſe which had a ditch round about it, very cloſe to the wall thereof; that houſe Tom help'd them to fill with ſtraw, and ſee them take their lodging; and then, it being dark, Tom bad them good-night; and as ſoon as he was over the bridge, which was a plank, he drew it after him; and in the dead time of the night, Tom gets a long pole, with a wiſp of ſtraw at the end of it, and ſets the ſtraw on fire, calling out to the reſt of the fellows to ſhift for themſelves; who thinking to run over the bridge, fell into the ditch, crying and calling out for help, while, by Tom's means, moſt part of the town ſtood to ſee the jeſt; and as the gypſies waded through the ditch, they took them, and carried them into an houſe where there was a good fire, for it was in the midſt of winter; where Tom counſels them, that they ſhould never make him believe that they could tell him any thing, that did not know what danger ſhould befal themſelves: But, ſays he, becauſe you cannot tell me my fortune, I will tell you yours; For to-morrow in the forenoon you ſhall be whipped for deceivers, and in the afternoon be hanged for ſetting the houſe on fire. The gypſies hearing this ſo ſtrick ſentence, made haſte to dry

themſelves, and next morning ſtole out of town, and never came any more there.

CHAP. VIII.

How Tom ſold his mother's Trevot, and cozened an Aquavitæ Man that ſold hot water.

IN a winter night, coming home very late, Tom Tram fell with his arms before him, and at the laſt run his noſe againſt a poſt; what, quoth Tom, is my noſe longer than my arms? And afterwards he dropped into a well that was in the yard, and crying out, help, help, all is not well that is in the well, the neighbours came and pulled him out, and he dropp'd like a pig that had been roaſted on a ſpit; but he was then in a cold condition, ſo he went to bed, and covered himſelf; but before morning, having a looſeneſs in his belly, Tom had beſhit the ſheets; and when ſome, by the quick ſcent of their noſes, had diſcovered the fault, he told them, it was nothing but the clear mud of the well that came away from him; and if he died of that ſickneſs, he would be buried by torch-light, becauſe none ſhould ſee him go to his grave. Juſt as he had ſo ſaid, in came a hot water man, of whom he requeſted to give him a ſup; which having taſted, he feigned himſelf to be in a hot fever, and roſe up in his clothes, ran away with the aquavitæ man's bottle of hot water, and took his mother's trevot, and ſold it for a long

hawking pole, and a falconer's bag? which being tied to his ſide, and having drank up the poor man's hot water, he came reeling home with an owl upon his fiſt, ſaying, It is gentleman-like to be betwixt hawk and buzzard; and he told the aquavitæ man, that he had ſent the trevot with three legs, to the next town to fill your bottles again.

CHAP. IX.

Of Tom Tram's wooing Cicily Summers, the neat Wench of the Weſt.

CICILY Summers, whoſe noſe was then as fair as the midnight ſun, which ſhined as bright as Baconthine, was beloved of young Tom Tram; and a ſad ſtory to tell, he grew not worth the bread he eat, through pining away for her love. Tom was loth to ſpeak but ſtill whiſtled; At laſt, when Cicily made no anſwer, he burſt out in thus: O Cicily Summers, if I Tom Tram, ſon of mother Winter, and thou Cicily Summers, be joined together what a quarter ſhall we keep, as big as three half years; beſides, Cicily Summers, when thou ſcoldeſt, then Winter ſhall preſently cool thy heat; and when we walk on the ſtreet they'll ſay, yonder goes Summer and Winter; and for children, we ſhall beget every year a generation of Almanacks. So they went to the parſon and were married; but they fell out ſo extremely, that ſhe ſcolded all the ſummer

ſeaſon; and Tom he drank good ale, and told old tales all the winter time, and ſo they could never but thrive all the year thro'. Tom lived by good ale, and his wife by eating oatmeal; and when Tom went to be drunk in the morning, ſhe put oatmeal in the ale, and made caudle with muſtard inſtead of eggs, which bit Tom ſo by the noſe, that it would run water; but the next day he would be drunk again.

CHAP. X.

How Tom uſed a ſinging man of a Cathedral Church in the Weſt.

ONCE there was a cathedral ſinging man, that had very much anger'd Tom, and had made ſongs and jeſts on him; whereupon Tom got upon his back an ox-hide, with the horns ſet upon his head, and ſo lay in a hedge bottom, waiting till the ſinging man came by, who he was ſure muſt paſs that way: at laſt came the ſinging man, up ſtarted Tom out of the hedge bottom in his ox-hide, and followed him: the ſinging man cried out, the devil! the devil! No, quoth Tom, I am the ghoſt of goodman Johnſon, living hard by the church ſtile, unto whoſe houſe ye came and ſung catches, and owes me Five Pounds for ale, therefore appoint me a day when ye will bring me my money hither, or elſe I will haunt thee ſtill. The ſinging man promiſed that day ſe'enight,

and accordingly he did; and Tom made himself brave clothes with the money, and sweethearts came about him as bees do about a honey pot; but Tom wore a rope in his pocket and being asked if he would marry, he would pull it out, and laugh, saying, I have broken my shins already, and will be wiser hereafter; for I am an old colt, and now may have as much wit as a horse.

CHAP XI.

How he hired himself to the justice, and what pranks he played while with him.

THE justice at this time being without a man, and finding Tom to be a lively fellow, asking him, if he would serve him. Yes, quoth Tom, for I am a great many miles from the country. As soon as they had agreed for wages, Tom was immediately entertained: But he had not liv'd long there before the justice and his family was obliged to go to London, leaving no body at home but Tom. Now in the justices absence, an officer brought a lusty young woman and a little man with a complaint; so they knocked at the door, and Tom let them in; then placing himself in his master's chair, he asked the woman what she had to say, who told him that the man whom she had brought before him had lain with her by force. Adzooks, quoth Tom, is it possible that such a little fellow as this could force

ſuch a ſtrapping dame as you, Alas! Sir, ſaid ſhe, although he is little he is ſtrong. Well, little whipper-ſnapper, quoth Tom, what do you ſay to this; He replied, Like your worſhip it is falſe what ſhe ſays; the truth it this: I have been at ſea, and coming aſhore, where I received my pay, I met with this woman, and agreed with her for half a crown, and when it was over, I pull'd out my purſe to pay her honeſtly what I had agreed for; but ſhe ſeeing that I had a conſiderable ſum of money, contrary to our bargain, would force me to give her ten ſhillings, and becauſe I would not, ſhe has brought me before your worſhip. Have you got that purſe of money? quoth Tom: Yes, Sir, ſaid the ſeaman. Give it into my hand ſaid Tom. He receives it, and turning to the woman, ſaid, Here take it and get about your buſineſs. She replied, I thank your worſhip, you are an honeſt good man, and have done me juſtice. The little ſeaman the mean while wrung his hands and bitterly cried out, I am ruined, for it is every penny I had in the world. Well, quoth Tom, haſte after her, and take it from her again. According to Tom's order he runs after her, and when he came after her. he ſaid, I muſt, and will have my purſe again: Then ſhe fell about his ears and cuft him; nay this did not ſatisfy her, but ſhe dragged him back again to Tom, who ſat as juſtice, and told him, that the fellow followed her for the

purſe, which he in juſtice gave her. Well, ſaid Tom, and has he got it? No, ſaid ſhe, I think not, before he ſhould take it from me, I'd tear out both his eyes. Let me ſee it again, ſays Tom: She gives it to him. Is all the money in it? quoth he: Yes, Sir, ſaid ſhe, every penny. Why then, ſaid he, here little whipper-ſnapper, take your purſe again; and as for you, Mrs. Impudence, had you defended your honeſty as well as you did the money, I never had been troubled with this complaint. Here, Mr. Conſtable, give her an hundred laſhes at the town's whipping-poſt: which was accordingly done, and Tom was applauded for his juſt proceedings.

SEVERAL

MERRY TALES.

TALE I.

Of a Scholar and a Tapſter on a Winter night.

THE tapſter ſaid, Sir, will you go to bed. No, quoth the ſcholar, there are thieves abroad, and would not willingly be taken napping. So the tapſter left him, and be-

ing gone, in came a ſpirit into the chamber, with his head under his arm, ſo that he durſt not ſtir, but cried out, Help! help! fire! thieves! thieves. So when they of the houſe came to him they aſked him, what was the matter! Oh, quoth he, the devil was here, and ſpoke to me with his head under his arm; but now I will go to bed, and if he comes again, I will ſend him to the tapſter to help him to make falſe reckonings: It being a cold night, quoth he, I will firſt put fire to toe, that is, I will warm my toes by the fire, then I'll go to bed. And ſo he did, and a great reckoning the next morning put the ſcholar out of his jeſt, ſaying, that was in earneſt made too large a reckoning, he being but poor Sir John of Oxford.

TALE II.

ONE that was going to a wedding had a great occaſion to untruſs a point; whereupon he went under a hedge, but the place not pleaſing him, he went under a hayſtack and then into a ſaw-pit, and afterwards into a hog-ſtye, where he did his buſineſs. Now the other clowns that were with him, aſked him if he had done his taſk and days labour; Yes, quoth he, I have ſhit three ſhillings in nine-pences, go and fetch them they are more than a day's labour will come to. So they went to the wedding houſe,

and when they came thither, they were making a reckoning for the fidler, and every one gave what he liſted. Oh, quoth one of them, if you want money to make up the reckoning, here is one that can ſhite three ſhillings in nine-pences. If he can, quoth the gueſts, let him bring them hither in his mouth, for I fear they are of ſo ſoft a metal, that they will melt in ſpite of his teeth. So after they had danced a while, a fart was let; whereupon ſays one, this fart was full charged, for it yielded a large vent; meaning his ſhirt.

TALE III.

DOWN in the weſt country a certain conceited fellow had a great noſe; ſo a country-man by him with a ſack of corn, joſtled him, ſaying, your noſe ſtands in my way; whereupon the other fellow with the great noſe, took his noſe in his hand, and held it to the other ſide, ſaying, A pox on thee, go and be hanged.

TALE IV.

ONCE there was a company of gypſies that came to a country fellow on the high-way, and would needs tell him his fortune: amongſt other things, they bad him aſſure himſelf his worſt misfortunes were paſt, and that he would not be troubled with croſſes as he had been: ſo coming home, and hav-

ing ſold the cow at the market, he look'd in his purſe for the money, thinking to have told it to his wife; but he found not ſo much as one croſs in his purſe; whereupon he remembered the words of the gypſies and ſaid, that the gypſies had ſaid true that he ſhould not be troubled with croſſes, and that they had picked his pocket, and left not a penny in his purſe. Whereupon his wife baſted and cudgelled him ſo ſoundly, that he began to perceive that a man that had a curſed wife ſhould never be without a croſs tho' he had never a penny in his purſe; and becauſe it was winter-time, he ſat a while by the fire-ſide, and after went to bed ſupperleſs and pennyleſs.

TALE V.

A FARMER's wife in the weſt had three pigs, which ſhe loved exceedingly well, and fed them with good butter-milk and whey; but they would come running into the houſe and befoul the rooms: whereupon ſhe reſolved to ſell them at the market, becauſe they were better fed than taught, but afterwards they were ſtolen away from her; whereupon ſhe ſuppoſed they were driven up to London to learn manners; but ſaid ſhe, they were too old to learn to turn the ſpit in Barholomew fair, and therefore believed ſome butchers had ſtole them away.

Her cock had a piece of cloth ſewen about

him, and was left upon the perch, but afterwards ſtolen; whereupon ſhe ſaid, that her cock was turned ſcholar in a black gown; and ſo ſhe went to Oxford to a conjurer, to know what was become of her pigs and her cock. The ſcholar ſmiled, and told her, the three pigs were blown home, and the cock was made a batchelor of arts in one of the colleges. I thought ſo, ſaid the woman, for ſure batchelors of arts are very coxcombs.

TALE VI.

ONE in the country having bought a cloak of one that ſtole it, or made it by ſlight of hand, he was challenged for it; and being troubled in mind, aſked a friend of his, a very witty fellow in the pariſh, How he might come off? His friend replied, he would tell him for a quart of ſack. So to the tavern they went, and having drunk a pint, he deſired to know how he might come off? When we have drunk the other pint of ſack, quoth his friend, I'll tell you how you may come off The quart being drunk off, he replied, he would not tell him till they were in the ſtreet. So going out of the tavern, Do you ſee, quoth he, yonder collour ſeller's ſhop, pointing as it were, with his finger; do but buy a rope there and hang thyſelf with it, and I warrant thee thou ſhalt come off, and never be troubled for that matter.

TALE VII.

A COUNTRY Clergyman meeting a neighbour who never came to church, although an old fellow of about fifty, he gave him some reproof on that account, and asked him if he never read at home? No, replied the clown, I cannot read. I dare say, said the parson, you don't know who made you? Not I, in troth, cried the country man. A little boy coming by at the same time, Who made you child? said the parson, God Sir, said the boy.—Why look you there, quoth the Clergyman, are you not ashamed to hear a child of five or six years old, tell me who made him, when you that are so old a man, cannot!—Ah! said the country man, it is no wonder that he should remember; he was made but t'other day, and it is a long while measter since I was made.

FINIS.

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